Hurrah for the
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HURRAH FOR THE SOUTH!
Hurrah.

PARAPHRASED BY G. W. HOPKINS.

Hurrah for the South, 'tis joy to see,
Far in the mighty dawn,
The genius of old Liberty
With all her armor on.
The glory of her sword has cast
The tyrant's might away:
Sound loud your trumpets to the blast—
Hurrah for the Confederate States, Hurrah!

Hurrah for the South! for she has woke
From out her dream at length,
The promises at Washington are broke,
And now, godlike in her strength,
Erect she stands, while round her brow
Bright hopes of freedom play—
Exulting she is harnessed now—
Hurrah for the Confederate States, hurrah!

Hurrah for the South, her banner cry
Gallops upon the wind;
The seven stars to the wind let fly,
With uncaged pride behind.
Confusion to the abolition Tory knaves,
Her mighty course would stay—
No!-her sons like fanatics never rave,
Hurrah for the seven manly States, hurrah.

Hurrah for the South! God speed
The good cause in her hands;
And may all freemen in their need
Possess such hearts and hands.
Hark how a nation's thunders roll,
And shout to arms, ye Braves!
Hurrah for the Confederate Boys, hurrah.

Hurrah for the South, Old England cries,
Victor Emanuel and Italy smiles;
New Mexico and Arizona in joy replies,
With one long shout throughout the mines,
Down with the Lincoln Despots, resound,
Throughout the world awaking round—
Hurrah for the Confederate States, hurrah!

John Hopkins, Printer, New Levee-st. 4th District.

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